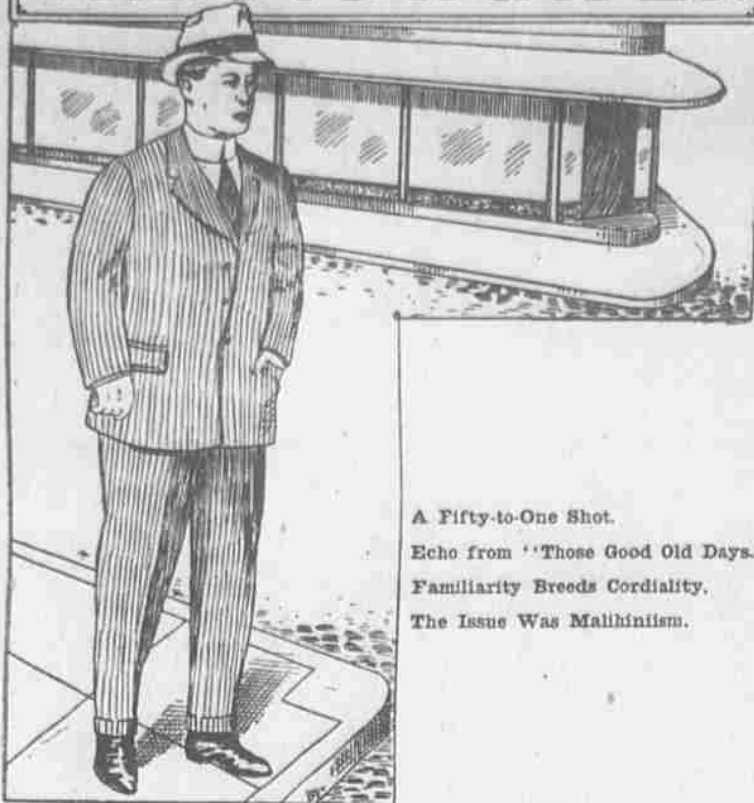


THE BYSTANDER



A Fifty-to-One Shot.
Echo from "Those Good Old Days."
Familiarity Breeds Cordiality.
The Issue Was Malinism.

George B. Howard dropped into the Young Hotel billiardroom the other day, to while away a few hours before keeping a dinner engagement. Howard ensconced himself in a comfortable armchair and became interested in a game of three-cushions which was in progress on a table nearby where he sat. About a quarter of an hour passed during which the comedian continued to watch the game, but just then a dapper person, elegantly clad, and who carried himself with the air and ease of a refined gentleman, approached and inquired of Howard in polite tones, whether he would join the other in a short, sociable game of billiards. Having no objection, Howard accepted the invitation, removed his coat and selected a cue. The stranger won the toss for the break, and agreeing on a fifty-point game, Howard stepped back to chalk his cue while his opponent started to play. The stranger scored on the opening shot, and in a short time had run twenty points without any sign of a miss. Thirty, thirty-five and forty were passed, and still the balls rolled kindly. At forty-five he executed a difficult masse after which the fifty points were run out with ease. Howard, who had taken a seat, remained silent until the stranger had finished, when he exclaimed goodnaturedly:

"You didn't want anyone to play with you; you wanted someone to watch you."

I ran across a "Personal" advertisement in the San Francisco Call the other day that brought back to my mind all "those good old days," when we in Honolulu had nothing else to get excited about, but the ravings of a morphine fiend and the boasts of a white kahuna. The little ad. was:

PERSONALS

J. LOR WALLACH, skilled machinist, formerly of Honolulu, T. H. Friends desire knowledge of your whereabouts. Write or come to DR. JOHN ATCHERLEY, room 664 Mills bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

The Governor has been in Hilo, where the people looked him over, essayed a few apologetic remarks, found him quite approachable and then just sat down to talk things over. The Governor met all the ones who have been breathing lurid threats against him, greeting them timidly, with the remembrance of promised annihilation in his mind, found them apparently kindly disposed gentlemen and got down right away to the chatting basis. When the Governor left Hilo they gave three cheers for him, while he arrived back at his executive office with the impression firmly established that Hilo is one fine city with good people sticking out of every window.

This happy state of affairs is because both climbed down on the ground and rubbed up against each other.

The Bystander has always found good fellows in Hilo and good fellows in Honolulu, in and out of office, but, it is sad, but true, that these good fellows are living under the impression that the other fellow is out after them. Honoluluans put Hiloites down as chronic kickers and grouches, with suspicion enveloping them like a cloud, while Hiloites regard Honoluluans as twenty-two carat hogs, overbearing and stuck on themselves.

This is only because they don't know each other. After we get better acquainted the situation will improve. In the meanwhile we will have to give each other the benefit of the doubt and try to get along.

I see that the prohibition forces at Washington are going to make another effort to put through the Curtis Bill in congress and make us dry whether we want to be or not. I am decidedly out of sympathy with the attempt, in view of the tremendous majority registered in the plebiscite against prohibition, but I can see very well where the Curtis Bill advocates have some good arguments to bring before the congressional committees.

In the first place prohibition was not the issue in the plebiscite. The issue was malinism and race prejudice, served up in every possible style that greed could devise to tempt ignorance. The opponents of prohibition in this Territory made no attempt to discuss prohibition, made no attempt to meet the arguments of the prohibitionists, made no campaign except against John G. Woolley and a few other men.

Curtis Bill lobbyists will probably put in as Exhibit A in their case the files of the Hawaiian newspapers during the plebiscite period. The evidence to be found in the papers may not pass the Curtis Bill, but it will give the congressman a new and, unfortunately, a disagreeable slant on things Hawaiian.

In connection with this talk of a renewal of the prohibition agitation, it should be explained here that the announced subject for this morning's discourse in the Christian Church by Dr. S. L. Livingston as "The Excellence of Humidity," was a printer's error for "The Excellence of Humility" and will not be an argument for an antidry Hawaii.

Pebbles From the Landslide

Literary Digest Pickings.

The best tariff ever—for the Democrats.—Charleston News and Courier. Princeton knows what to do with her ex-presidents.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

T. R., Oyster Bay. Now you know how it feels.—W. J. B., Lincoln.—Washington Post.

"They don't call it Oyster Bay any more, they call it Blue Point," says Martin W. Littleton.

The Colonel may survive his political escapades of 1910, but he will never look the same.—Houston Post.

And now the one imperative issue that looms above the landslide is the man who wants a job.—Newark News.

President Taft wrote his Thanksgiving proclamation before the election returns came in.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Republicans evidently believe that if T. R. doesn't spell trouble, it makes a beginning at least.—Atlanta Journal.

As the revised returns come in, it almost looks as if Judge Parker might have been elected something this year.—Okin State Journal.

That gurgling sound is caused by Messrs. Woodruff, Barnes & Co., trying to appear disinterested over the result.—Brooklyn Times.

Jeffries has not yet telegraphed to Mr. Roosevelt, but there is a kind of telegraphic sympathy between them.—Charleston News and Courier.

This year's corn crop is the biggest ever produced in the United States. The Democrats have not as yet put in a claim for the credit of it.—Chicago Record-Herald.

SIDELIGHTS

ORIENTAL PILIKIAS.

Do not be foolish, and by so being rely for information as to the present Chinese feud upon what is said to be inside information obtained by some fellow on The Advertiser, who, as a matter of fact, doesn't know the difference between a German swear word and a Chinese prayer, if prayers ever be indulged in by the Celestial. And if you are acrobatic, linguistic and educated, and by reason thereof enabled to stand on your head and intelligently peruse the Chinese periodicals, still search for knowledge. The Chinese are an imitative race, it is said, and editors and reporters, after the fashion of the "white devils," once in a while get lost along the trail of truth.

Have you a Chinese cook? Question him. Have you an antisemitic, almond-eyed, weekly-arrested-for-gambling laundryman? Find out what he knows. Is your manicure artist one of the kind the salvation of whose people wholly depends upon the combined, heroic and costly opium crusades of Stackable, Hendry, Thwing and Breckons? Get her to tell you all about it. Does your vegetable man carry two big baskets, connected with a long stick, and, notwithstanding imperial edicts, still wears a queue? He is a mint of information. If you really thirst for the truth, overlook not these springs, for from them can that thirst be assuaged. For that matter it may be set down as axiomatic, though not well recognized or observed, that oversight of the humble amongst the Chinese gives rise to many a wrong conception.

The story gathered from the sources indicated by me, although a trifle vague, and at points more than a trifle contradictory, is certainly interesting. For the quenceless consul has pilikia of his own. According to Mott Smith and Ray Brown, many of his countrymen may wrap themselves in the "Grand Old Ring," claim American citizenship, and tell any old highbinder in China to shoot if he dare. But they have cousins and brothers and sisters and parents in China, and seriously object to reports from Honolulu which will result, in the case of the males, in having the new edict about cutting off queues carried out by taking the head along. In the case of the females the earrings are confiscated by a similar process.

And the consul won't tell what he does with the money he requires his countrymen to pay. And he refuses to see committees. And he associates with Chester Doyle. And he doesn't gamble or smoke opium. And he takes too much interest in sending people back to San Francisco to face embezzlement charges. And when my wash came back yesterday, with scarcely any of it missing, I learned that on one occasion he had said: "Chinaman Honolulu all same—fool." And my manicure girl says he threatens to buy an automobile, and my vegetable merchant that, save as to the association hereinbefore mentioned, he is entirely too aristocratic. Indeed of many sins he is guilty, and swift retribution is aimed at.

Let us hope that the approach of the purse-depleting, indigestion-creating, "Peace on earth, etc." period will do all that is claimed for it, and that the Celestials will kiss and make up. Should our hopes prove vain Chinese New Year shortly follows, and if firecrackers and banners and dragons and watermelon seeds and inexplicable confectionery and champagne do not produce desired results, than may the merry war go on, the slogan to be culled from one of Bill Shakespeare's publications in which a fellow by the name of McDuff got into pilikia.

BOOK REVIEW: WHAT MEN WEAR.

I am not literary, and therefore, although extremely egotistical, must admit that criticisms of printed brain productions are a trifle out of my line, and should by no means be implicitly relied upon. A new book which would be considered by me as a masterpiece might be tabu in the public library on account of historical, grammatical, political and moral mistakes; while, on the other hand, I would disdain to accept, no matter how beautifully and eloquently expressed were the sentiments on the flyleaf, a present of a "best seller." I console myself for my gray matter shortcomings, however, with the reflection that a real good judge of a real good book is born and not made, and calmly, placidly and philosophically pass up my weakness in this respect to my New England ancestry. It is not my fault.

But The Advertiser, with its brilliant, high-salaried staff has not seen fit to establish a book review page, and I must therefore institute one of my own, in order to, in part, satisfy the cravings of its myriad of readers. The latest publication on my parlor table is by an unknown author. No clue is given to his identity by a frontispiece photograph of them. The title is extremely attractive, and after one reads it, she instinctively delves into the contents. The contents themselves are no less attractive than the title. No matter how brain-fagged you may be you will not drop the book after commencing on it until you have perused every line and scanned every illustration.

For "What Men Wear" is truly a great production, and no woman's library is complete without it. The style of the author is terse and their plot a deep laid one. Each chapter is illustrated beautifully, although the artist might be criticized for occasionally forgetting to attach a head to the pictures of some of the characters. For instance, on page 41, illustrating a chapter headed "For Evening Wear," is a splendid half-tone production of Governor Frear, but the head, including whiskers, appears to have been overlooked. Arms and limbs and hands and feet seem not to have been within range of the artist's talents, since they appear on but few of the pages.

Space will not permit a lengthy review of the fascinating volume. A few extracts only will show, however, the splendid conception the author has of their subject, and the skill with which it has been portrayed. Demonstration of "the difference between a fact and an idea" is one of the numerous epigrams which the writer rightly claims immediately caught on. You will find it in the "Prologue." On the next page you learn that the men of Timbuctoo wear clothes, although perhaps the reference to buttons in the same chapter is intended to describe the costumes in full. On page twelve a little humor is indulged in, since a given brand of collar is announced as being made in quarter sizes and sold at "two for a quarter." On page fourteen we get a true insight into life amongst the higher-ups both in America and London, for we learn that the society man spends his evenings on the floor of a ball-room. Any prevailing ideas that bridge and poker are part of his itinerary are deftly disposed of. Two pages later the very interesting fact is found that no one but Consul Forster's subjects know how to make steamer rugs, and that even those are a select few, residing at Manchester Britain. Page eighteen should be torn out and sent by registered mail, addressed "The Outlook, care Colonel Roosevelt, New York, N. Y.," for it says "the United States, which includes Hawaii."

In the succeeding chapter the author recognizes that not all people know everything, and that not everyone owns a dictionary; and therefore by the title they elucidate. Under the caption "trousers for men" is clearly demonstrated the fact that occasionally we may wear them. For fear of mistakes, words and phrases like "trimmings," "suspenders," "college chap," and "make-believe" are employed. On page twenty-four the plot begins to thicken. The reader naturally wonders why, in a book called "What Men Wear," there should be a chapter headed "Shoes for Ladies." Likewise will they naturally wonder why "ladies will observe the French effect obtained in the heels of some of them." But the book says so, and the author should know what they are talking about.

When men in Honolulu attend society functions they must, to be up to date, wear thin clothing, but it is not considered good form to let people along the highways know this. The fact must be reserved for the other function attendants. Therefore are long coats worn, reaching below the knees. Again is something reserved for the imagination of the reader, for she is left in doubt whether the Beau Brummel should be ashamed of his meagre attire or of his going out into society. Ladies are not included in this chapter.

One page forty-two the malinist officeholder is aimed at, for we are told that it is absolutely bad form to be a carpetbagger. Says the text: "A good-looking bag gives an impression that is missing in a poor one." Likewise are we informed, along these lines, that you may readily recognize whether a tourist is a piker or a Young Hotel guest by sizing up the kind of grip in which he encloses his tooth brush and extra pair of socks. If you wish not to be scorned keep away from the wicker variety. They may be all right for the Japs, but no self-respecting man will wear one.

Under the poetic heading "In Sunshine or Shadow," the book again, on page fifty-four, speaks of shoes, ladies and heels. The language employed is extremely well chosen, and the statements, to quote from Huek Finn, when he read Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress "interesting but tough."

On page sixty-two we have the shameful assurance that men wear ladies' pocketbooks, and ladies' handbags. The first habit may be readily understood but the latter is one of the mysteries.

Taken all in all the booklet will fill up an otherwise tedious hour. The scene shifts often. London and New York, and Tom McTigue's birthplace, and Chicago, and Denver, and the twin cities, San Francisco and "Gay Paree," and "Araby," and Thwing's Kolesza, China, and Boston, once the home of John Adams and George A. Davis, and Baltimore, the residence of the lascivious bivalve, and Ben Franklin's staid old Philadelphia, and even Ptolemaeus's far distant German domain, are all faithfully depicted.

Hawaiian Gazette Company, Honolulu, Hawaii. Price, 40.

Small Talks

HAWAIIAN KRUGER—What's being a superior? Pahaw! Nothing in it. MAYOR FERN—John Lane will have to cut his grandmother's eye teeth before he can do me in politics.

L. G. BLAKEMAN—No Sunday ball games have ever been scheduled at Aliiolani, nor is there any intention to change this policy of the school.

REV. ROBERT E. SMITH—I have only been around a little, but what I have seen convinces me that this is the most beautiful city in all America.

GOVERNOR FREAR—I see that I am called a carpetbagger. I don't know exactly what that means, but I have been in Hawaii forty years this Christmas.

SERGEANT CONLON, of the San Francisco Police—If they monkey with this Jus Yuen Mow case much longer, they will have to get out extradition papers to get me back to San Francisco.

JOE GILMAN—I am going to invite a committee to cut out a block of the bitulithic on Fort street on Monday morning. If they don't find some of the hardest picking they ever had, I'll eat the block.

EDITOR TIMES—The Floral Parade is simply a very beautiful sight-seeing gift for the community at large, and costs the promoters of the same an outlay of time, hard work and money. We predict a fine display for 1911 and will try to be grateful for the sight.

SANTA CLAUS—Wikiwiki on that Malihini Christmas Tree money. I want to get out and do my shopping early and I have to know how much I have to spend on the needy little ones of Honolulu. I have about fifteen hundred on my list, remember.

HENRY VIERRA—The Advertiser says I was fined for running an automobile without a license. I am sorry to say that I don't own an automobile and couldn't drive one if I had twenty licenses. The only thing I need a license for is to give a show once in a while.

LEE H. WOLF—The biographies of Charles A. Cottrell, who they say is coming to take Drake's place here, state that he is grand chancellor of the Knights of Pythias of Ohio. That is wrong. Clem V. Hoke occupies that position. It may be that Cottrell is grand chancellor of the Knights of Pythias of the world, which is the colored Pythian order.

LAND COMMISSIONER CAMPBELL—I was very much disappointed at the lack of interest taken in the land drawings on Hawaii, when, in some cases, the very men who petitioned to have land withdrawn from the plantations did not even appear to apply for it. I heard someone say that land in Hawaii appeared to be more for conservation than cultivation and I couldn't contradict him.

DOCTOR GASPAR—I am not a "knocker" of Portuguese emigration from Funchal. I wrote to the papers there about Hawaii, certainly, but I never advised anyone not to come. What would I be doing in Hawaii myself if I did not think it a good country? I gave Mr. Campbell all the pointers I could about what to do and I worked to have Mr. Silva sent with him. Silva hasn't treated me fairly, but I have not tried to make his mission a failure, nevertheless.

JARRETT'S VISIT WAS
OCCASION FOR ALARM

Robinson Crusoe Lad Skipped
Out When Oahu Sheriff Went
to Kahoolawe.

WAILUKU, Maui, December 10.—Sheriff Jarrett of Oahu has been enjoying a vacation at Raymond Ranch, Unalakaha. Last Saturday evening, accompanied by Eben Low and others, he went over on a sightseeing trip to Kahoolawe. It seems, however, that Kalua, the boy who led a Robinson Crusoe life there last summer, is being accused by the overseer who left him there of having stolen a fine spy glass valued at \$25. When Kalua heard that the sheriff of Oahu had gone over to Kahoolawe he felt sure the sheriff was after him for the alleged theft, and took French leave of the kind people with whom he has been staying. He doesn't know that Mr. Jarrett has no authority outside of his own bailiwick and wouldn't waste precious time securing the land-scope for small fry like himself. However, Kalua has vanished from Kihel and went in such a hurry that he forgot to take along the mongrel bull pup he brought with him from Kahoolawe.

UNCLAIMED LETTER LIST.

List of letters remaining unclaimed for in the general delivery for the week ending December 10, 1910:

Allen, Mrs. E. L.	Metner, Chas.
Bertram, James C.	Milne, Robert A.
Bunker, W. L.	Morton, H. C.
Beckwith, A. K. (2)	Moore, Mr. and Mrs.
Bancroft, Miss	E. J.
Mary M.	Neville, J. C.
Beardmore, F. C.	Ogletoe, Jas. B.
Brust, J. P.	Olsen, A. B.
Buck, W. E.	Pierce, J. R.
Cattermole, Miss A.	Pellgrum, Miss
Campbell, H.	Plummer, Sydney
Carroll, Joe	Rimmel, Ray B.
Chandler, Sherwood	Riemenschneider, M.
W.	Richardson, Mrs. M.
Chivis, Mrs. Sadie	Rogers, C. A.
W.	Schulz, H. R.
Clark, L. E.	Shaw, Mrs. Eliza-
Cornell, M.	beth B.
Cornell, M. A.	Sheldon, G. W.
Daly, Harry	Spencer, Nelson
Doley, Miss Rosey	Stroas, Louis
Driscoll, Daniel	Stone, Samuel
Durant, Mrs. Mary	Thompson, J. Mal-
Durant, John A.	colm
Eaton, Mrs. Caroline	Thompson, Mr. and
Edward, Mrs. Luks	Capt.
Elston, A. M.	Tooney, Miss Emily
Guth, Henry	Walker, J. S.
Hall, R. A. L.	Way, Arthur P.
Henry, A.	Willis, H. B.
Henriques, Mrs. Lil-	Wilson, J. S.
lian	Wilson, Mrs. J. S.
Hunter, A. H.	Warner, A. W.
Jones, Thos.	White, John H.
Kennedy, J. J. (2)	White, Jas. W.
Kraber, Mrs. Rosie	Williams, George
Libert, Lucas K.	Williamson, R.
Mika	Wright, Mrs. Katie
McClure, Ernest	

Package.

Lee, Quinn
Please ask for advertised letters.
JOSEPH G. PRATT, Postmaster.

SPRAINED ANKLE.

A sprained ankle will usually disable the injured person for three or four weeks. This is due to lack of proper treatment. When Chamberlain's Pain Balm is applied a cure may be effected in three or four days. This balm is one of the best and most remarkable preparations in use. For sale by all dealers. Benson, Smith & Co., agents for Hawaii.

The Wailuku Sugar Company on Monday began grinding the season's crop, which will be a large one.

RAILROADS ENDORSE
PAN-PACIFIC CONGRESS

Representatives of Big Systems
Back Up Promotion Plan of
Secretary Wood.

The proposal of the promotion committee for a Pan-Pacific congress to be held in Honolulu in February, 1911, is meeting with general favor by all who have received copies of the call for the congress.

A. M. Cleland, general passenger agent of the Northern Pacific Railway Company at St. Paul, writes that his company is interested in any movement that will include travel across continental United States, and incidentally, to Hawaii, and his company is glad to cooperate and lend assistance.

Will Send Lantern Slides.

Mr. Cleland states, however, that it will not be possible for his company to send a delegate to the congress, but the promotion committee, in this endeavor, will have his good will, and if desired he will send down here lantern slides showing scenes along the Northern Pacific line in Yellowstone Park, in order to contribute to that part of the entertainment.

Mr. Cleland showed his interest in the proposed congress by giving a statement concerning it to the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

W. A. Callaway, general passenger agent of the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie Ry., at Minneapolis, expresses hearty sympathy with the work which the promotion committee is attempting and "accomplishing so magnificently." He states that his company is not in a position to send a delegate to the convention, and the matter would have to be taken care of by the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Representative Will Come.

G. T. Bell, assistant-general traffic manager of the Grand Trunk Railway system at Montreal, will have a representative of the Grand Trunk in Honolulu within the next few months with one of the G. T. P. steamships, chartered by the Seattle chamber of commerce, and he will be instructed to confer with the promotion committee as to ways and means of developing traffic for mutual interest.

Congratulates Committee.

Thomas Sammons, American consul-general at Yokohama, has placed the matter before those interested. He congratulates the committee on the aggressive methods which the committee is pursuing.

MORE DIPHTHERIA.
BUT NO ALARM

WAILUKU, December 10.—Sheriff Crowell, who returned from Makawao yesterday evening, reports a few more cases of diphtheria have broken out, making a total of forty-seven cases in that district, but no deaths. While the present condition of affairs is not at all pleasing to officials, still there is nothing to cause undue alarm, and with experienced men from Honolulu and proper equipment for the work to handle the situation, health officers feel confident that all will soon be well.

PLOTTERS ON TRIAL.

TOKIO, December 10.—The trial of Kotaka and twenty-five other Japanese, accused of plotting to assassinate the Emperor Meiji, was begun today. The trial is public, and a vast crowd gathered to hear the proceedings.